

That *Resurrection* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thank you:
He neuer gaue commandment for their death.
But since so I must ypon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall indgements, casual slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
False on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haue to heare it,
And call the Nobles to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are so claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me.

Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordnance are shot off.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

Thought the King had more affected the
Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.
Glow. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But
now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it ap-
peares not which of the Dukes hee valewes
most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in nei-
ther, can make choise of either moiry.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glow. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue
so often bluth'd to acknowledge him, that now I am
braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glow. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; where-
vpon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a
Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.
Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault yndone, the issue of it,
being so proper.

Glow. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some
yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my ac-
count, though this Knaue came something sawily to the
world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre,
there was good sport at his making, and the horse must
be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentle-
man, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glow. My Lord of *Kent*:

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing.

Glow. He hath bin out nine yeeres, and away he shall
again. The King is coming.

*Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Re-
gan, Cordelia, and attendants.*

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, *Gloster*.

Glow. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.

Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided

In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,

To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Vnburthen'd crawl toward death: Our son of *Cornwall*,

And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,

We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters seuerall Dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters lone,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourn,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuelt vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gow. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild & matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Child ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Loue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forreits, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,

I finde she names my very deede of loue:

Onely she comes too short, that I professe

My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,

Which the most precious square of sense professes,

And finde I am alone felicitate

In your deere Highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,

And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's

More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,

Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,

No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure

Then that confer'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,

Although our last and least; to whose yong loue

The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,

Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw

A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?